marquee

VOLUME 2 NO. 4 SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1977

Al Pacino is Bobby Deerfield

"I wish you Bonne Espérance."

A provocative toast...
a good way to start an evening...
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Bonne Espérance – a good wine –
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Big 35 oz bottle, easy-open cap –
most reasonably priced.

May good hope be always
in your home.

PAARL

VOLUME 2 NO. 4 SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1977

MARQUEE

THIS IS SILLY! Al Pacino flaps his arms as director Sidney Pollack's crew breaks mirrors into a bassinet, all for the love of **Bobby Deerfield.**
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Editor and Publisher **David Haslam**/Editorial Director **George Anthony**/Contributing Journalists (alphabetical order) **Jim Clements, Clyde Gilmour, Eleanor Hendriks-Witmer, John Hofsess, Martin Malina, Wilder Penfield III, Brian Perry, Rex Reed, Lyle Slack, Gordon Stoneham,** and **Sylvia Train**/Editorial Assistants **Marni Craig, Betty Hodgson** and **Danial Liebman**/Design Director **Bob Torrans**/Production **Steven Baine**/Production Services **Canadian Composition Limited** and **Offset Film Systems Ltd.**/Advertising Representatives **Print Media Sales,** 1255 Yonge St., Suite 105, Toronto, Ontario (416) 922-9372/**Marquee** is published six times a year by Marquee Productions Ltd., Box 1052, Postal Station A, Toronto, Ontario (416) 368-3340/**Contributions:** Although every care will be taken of material submitted for publication, Marquee Productions Ltd., their servants or agents accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/**Marquee** is a registered trade mark, all rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher/International Standard Serial Number **ISSN 0700-5008.**

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BOBBY DEERFIELD

A love's race against time

by Jim Clements

The slim man stretches and says: Yeahhh, Al Pacino's good in the movies, I guess. But, I dunno . . . "

The face could have been cut from a slab of the slum sidewalks of New York, chiseled and polished around a pair of eyes as dark as a Bronx alley at night.

And as warm and inviting.

The man is Al Pacino.

He knows a movie actor by that very same name. But he doesn't – not really – identify with him.

"I'm not crazy about making movies," says the man that we'll call Al Pacino. Because that's his name.

"I guess that it is because I haven't found my real 'raison' for doing films. When I walk across the street and the camera's following me, it seems silly . . . I don't know why."

Silly.

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Bobby Deerfield

His first film, **The Panic in Needle Park**, won high acclaim at the Cannes Film Festival. Just a coincidence. Maybe.

His third film, **Scarecrow**, also won a prize there. No coincidence. No maybe.

Still silly?

His second film earned him an Academy Award nomination. So did the fourth. And the fifth. And the sixth.

This film is his seventh, **Bobby Deerfield.**

And – if you are the kind of person who pauses to think of those things – that is a silly name for a film. Why, almost as silly as, say, **The Godfather.** Or **Serpico.** Or **Dog Day Afternoon.** Or **Godfather Part II.**

Silly?

"Well, sure it is," Pacino says sharply, stabbing his hand through the warm evening air.

"Listen . . . " he says, and starts to tell of one of the scenes in **Bobby Deerfield.**

It is Bellagio, a postcard village on Europe's Lake Como. The young couple – race car driver Bobby Deerfield and Lillian Morelli, radiant in the silver softness of the moonlight – sit at a lakeside café.

Music as gentle as a sigh surrounds them. Shades of moonbeams, skipping and skittering from the undulating surface of the lake, twinkle and ripple on the restaurant arches that have hugged a thousand lovers on a thousand different nights.

Bobby Deerfield and Lillian Morelli talk – with their hands, their eyes, their nearness to each other, as much as with their whispering lips.

It is a moment in a million, a romantic interlude that, for those two people, has crept beyond the cumbrances of time.

"Cut," someone shouts.

"Okay, that's good, let's call it a night," another bellows.

"Hey, Freddie, last guy finished buys the beer."

"Yer on, Mike, yer on."

And the scene dissolves into a turmoil of noisy activity – with even the moonlight reflected on the restaurant arches being packed away.

Lakeside restaurants are easy to find, especially in Europe. Warm evenings happen everywhere. The soft music of strings in the background can be arranged.

But moonbeams don't always oblige.

So, with Hollywood ingenuity, it is provided.

Cans and other containers are filled with water. A mirror is broken and the pieces scattered in a dozen film cans and what baby baths could be found in the village stores.

Then lights, the brilliant spotlights used for filming, are reflected from them as burly grips swish the water to simulate waves.

Silly? Well, perhaps.

And Pacino has made his point.

But, it was effective too. Maybe to the actor it was vaguely ridiculous. But to the director, who saw it through the audience's eyes, it was a moving, remarkable minute in an unusual film.

Sidney Pollack, director of **They Shoot Horses, Don't They? , Jeremiah Johnson**, the tantalizing **The Way We Were** – and **Bobby Deerfield**:

"Al Pacino is one of the best actors I've ever, ever worked with. In a way he has transformed this film into Al Pacino's **Bobby Deerfield**, and I could not now imagine anyone else in this part."

Strong praise from Pollack. Strong praise from any director, who as a group prefer to keep films for themselves. They prefer Hitchcock movies and Peckinpah movies and Bergman movies. They prefer – usually – that actors stay on the celluloid where they belong.

But Pacino has a way of reaching beyond the two – dimensional limits of most movies.

Bobby Deerfield may be another of those exceptional films.

A tough-minded Toronto entrepreneur who's been on the fringe edges of films for most of his life, saw finished scenes in Hollywood. It was enough to make him froth with words of praise. A time – and box-office – grizzled Hollywood veteran gave it a cautious once-over and said it might – just might – be one of the biggest movies of the year.

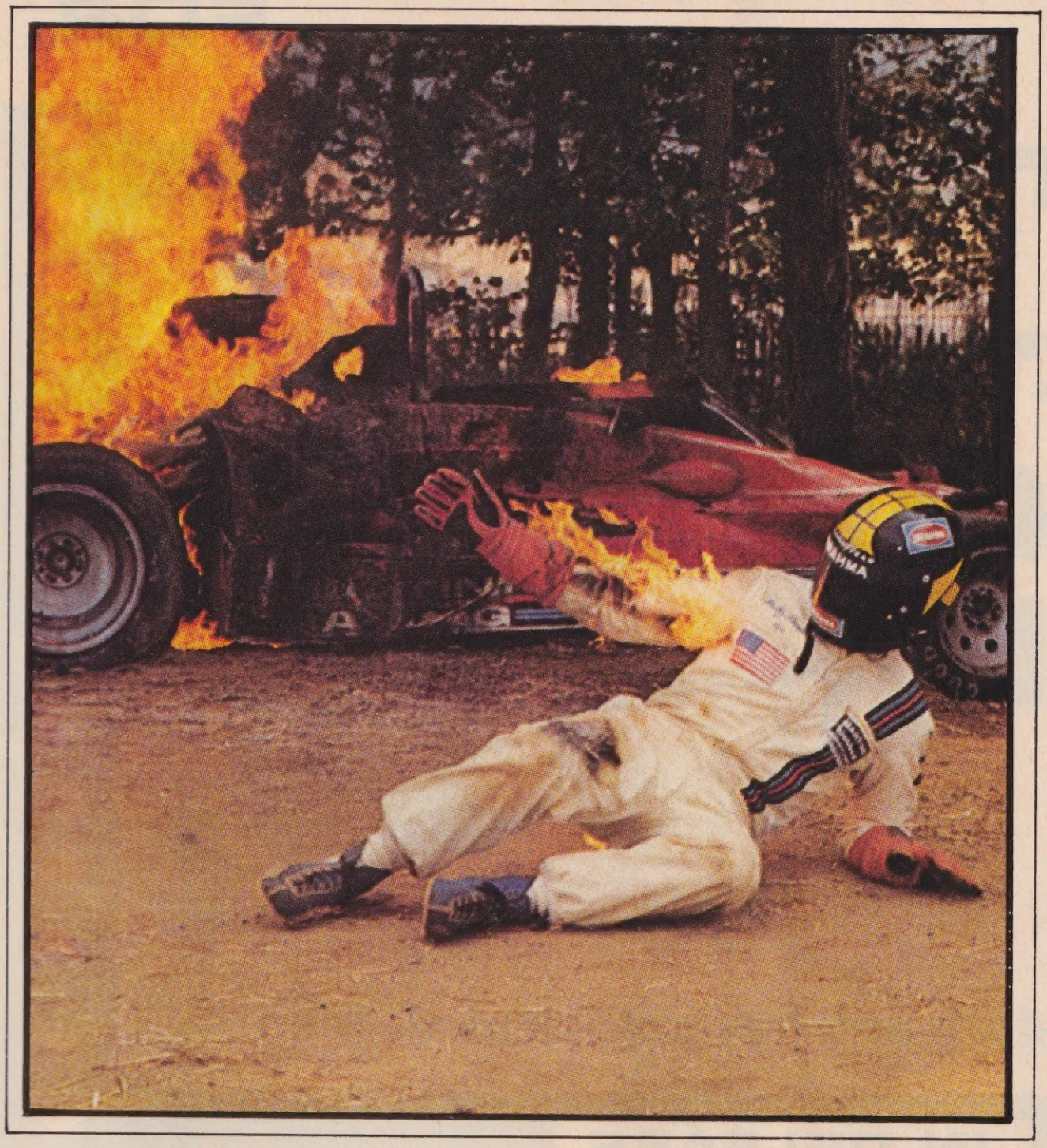
It is based – loosely, even by Hollywood standards – on the more than 30-year-old novel *Heaven Has No Favorites* by Erich Maria Remarque, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

Updated, and upgeared, it is the story of a Formula One driver, Bobby Deerfield (Al Pacino), who travels to a Swiss sanatorium to learn the cause of a racing accident that has killed a colleague. At the sanatorium he meets a girl who has a different question about death, and who is seeking her own – very different – answers, Lillian Morelli (Marthe Keller).

Deerfield is a driver who is insulated from the dangers, and death, of his job by protective clothing, protective safety gear, protective friends, and by a protective and insular outlook.

Lillian faces some of the same dangers, and death, with only her mind and her vivacity to coddle her.

Together they travel through Europe's most beautiful scenery, making it more memorable. And as they go they build a brief love, the kind that lingers in fading photographs



and in the last chords of a ballad.

It is the first romantic film for the son of **The Godfather**, but there is action in it too. The gut-grumbling thrust of Formula One racing on the international circuit – 12 cylinders, more horsepower than the stables at most race tracks, all of it churning and straining under streamlined hoods until it is unleashed down the first straight-away.

While Pacino was intrigued by the romantic side of **Bobby Deerfield**, he readily admits that he was fascinated by the racing. He took a driving course in California before starting the film, to know the feel of the cars, and to know the mannerisms of the men who drive them.

For realism the Brazilian driver, Carlos Pace, wore the American flag on his Martini Brabham Formula One car for the '76 season, playing Deerfield on the track while Pacino was doing the same on the set.

Pacino was born in Manhattan, that spiraling sprawl that clings tenaciously to the title: City. When he was a boy, his family moved to the Bronx. Young Al became interested in the theatre while acting in high school plays. He was good. And he knew it, and liked it.

He studied at New York's Living Theatre and, later, at the Actors Studio with Lee Strasberg, who eventually played a supporting role with Pacino in **Godfather Part II**. Strasberg was the icy Jewish mobster who met Pacino in Havana.

Pacino did off-Broadway plays – writing, directing, acting – and won an Obie for his role in *The Indian Wants the Bronx,* the off-Broadway hit of 1968.

In 1971 he starred in the Theatre Company of Boston's *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel,* which gained him rave reviews and longing looks from Hollywood.

The kid, they decided, wasn't just a star – he was an actor.

But Pacino's always said that, whether you talk to him at a Hollywood party, on a film set, or backstage on Broadway.

And perhaps that's why he feels silly in movies and more alive in theatre.

"You're always doing something, there are no dead moments," he says, in the cramped dressing room of the Broadway theatre where he revived *Pavlo Hummel* this summer.

And, he adds, if movies were the only place he could act, he'd probably leave the business.

To what?

"The two things in my life have been baseball and acting. The Yankees said I could work out with them, you know, put on a uniform and nobody would know who I was.

"I almost did it, but then I had to go off on a job."

An acting job.

"I like to play character roles. I try as much as I can to be different. You don't have time to build a character in a film, so I try to find a metaphor . . . even if I can have this illusion, it propels me."

He likes to research his parts, not in libraries or through studio research departments but on the streets, in the nooks and the crannies where his characters live.

"I've had to learn about the Mafia, about cops, bank robbers, junkies, hoboes, and now I've had to become a sort of expert, or technician, on Formula One cars.

" . . . You can become very erudite on a certain subject without benefit of a formal education."

That is Al Pacino talking, the actor.

Then Al Pacino, that other man, says, "But you know, some of the things you have to do to be an actor really are silly, aren't they? "

A siren screams through the turbulance of Times Square only a short distance away. Al Pacino stops and listens to it as it slices through the thick bricks of the theatre.

He's wiping away make-up after a matinee performance of *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel.* He's dabbing splotches of vanishing cream and curdling his face to reach every line around his eyes.

The son of the **Godfather** using vanishing cream? Rubbing at eye shadow? Wiping at make-up?

Yes, some of the things you have to do to be an actor really are silly!

Jim Clements is a staff writer for the Hamilton Spectator.

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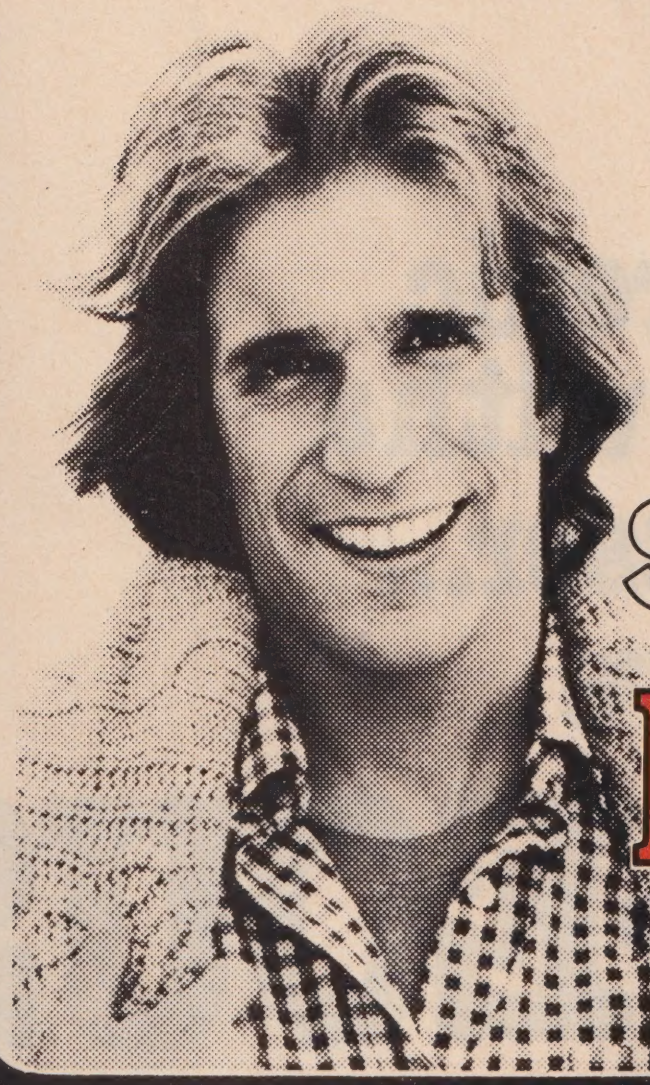

HENRY WINKLER
SALLY FIELD
HEROES

Co-starring
HARRISON FORD

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9/30/55

RICHARD THOMAS in "9/30/55"

co-starring TOM HULCE · DENNIS QUAID · DENNIS CHRISTOPHER · LISA BLOUNT

A schizophrenic girl teams up with a gay hairdresser... now that's OUTRAGEOUS

by Martin Malina

The film itself isn't, but the hyped-up publicity campaign certainly is. Outrageous, I mean.

The story of a Toronto hairdresser named Robin Turner (Craig Russell) who turns female impersonator and becomes a star and the kooky girl (Hollis McLaren) who escapes from a mental institution to live with him, **Outrageous** is a low-budget (reportedly $200,000), low-key comedy of gay and other nonconforming manners. It resolutely avoids sensationalism in treating two topics notorious for their exploitative treatment in the movies – homosexuality and mental illness.

But the campaign to sell this soft-voiced movie has been positively deafening, what with T-shirts and posters along the Croisette in Cannes, cover stories in *Maclean's,* full page ads in the Toronto papers, parties, talk-show interviews and so on.

It helps to have a product that people are willing to buy, but the hard-sell of **Outrageous** is – so far – the most successful publicity campaign for a Canadian movie since **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.**

The idea for **Outrageous** derives from a story entitled *Making It,* one of several in Margaret Gibson's award-winning collection, *The Butterfly Ward.*

The screenplay that Richard Benner adapted from *Making It* was not exactly written with Craig Russell in mind and producer Bill Marshall (former aide to Mayor Crombie and director of Toronto's *Festival of Festival's*) was not exactly looking for this kind of film to make, but both of them eagerly joined forces when they sensed it was headed for success.

Craig Russell's mind was made up when he read the script. Marshall's was made up for him, he says, when he caught Russell's act on Brian Linehan's *City Lights* show.

Russell's shtick is female impersonation, though one highly impressed critic likened it more to reincarnation and personality transference.

Toronto-born Russell had always adored the great ladies of show business that he now impersonates – Carol Channing, Tallulah Bankhead, Ella Fitzgerald, Bette Midler, Judy Garland, Barbra Streisand, Marlene Dietrich, Pearl Bailey, Ethel Merman. He had a crush on these and other vintage Hollywood stars as a boy and as he grew up the crush developed first into an obsession and later into a profession.

At the age of 19, after three years in a Toronto insurance office, Russell went to visit his number one idol, Mae West, in California and stayed to live

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with her for nine months. Back in Toronto unfortunately, the only work he could find was dressing hair.

Russell's show business break came in 1970 when for $15 a show he impersonated Mae West and other favorites at a Toronto gay bar. Things were tough for a while. Russell played strip joints in Hamilton and seedy clubs all over southern Ontario, but his reputation got around.

Like so many other Canadians in show business, however, real stardom was attainable outside the country. Now that he plays Las Vegas and the London Palladium, can Toronto be far behind?

Hollis MacLaren, who plays Liza, the schizoid young woman who has a platonic relationship with Robin Craig, almost didn't get the role when she first auditioned for it.

"Richard Benner, who directed his own script didn't like my teeth," she explains with a crooked smile. It seems he asked Hollis to have them capped and she refused. All's well that end's well, however, and, eventually, Hollis was hired, uncapped teeth and all.

Outrageous is the fifth film Hollis has played in since graduating as a drama major four years ago, and though it cost the least to make, it may turn out to be the most profitable. Especially for Hollis.

The reviews in New York have been near-unanimously favorable to the film ("Funny, wise, compassionate . . . it manages to touch the heart," wrote William Wolf in Cue; "Marvellous, fresh, touching film . . . the season's major, unheralded surprise. This one is a gem," wrote Rex Reed; "Marvellously witty and exhilirating," wrote Andrew Sarris in the Village Voice), and Hollis comes in for her share of the applause, though one reviewer (Janet Maslin in The New York Times) guessed that she was "either a brilliantly skittish performer or another authentic nervous wreck."

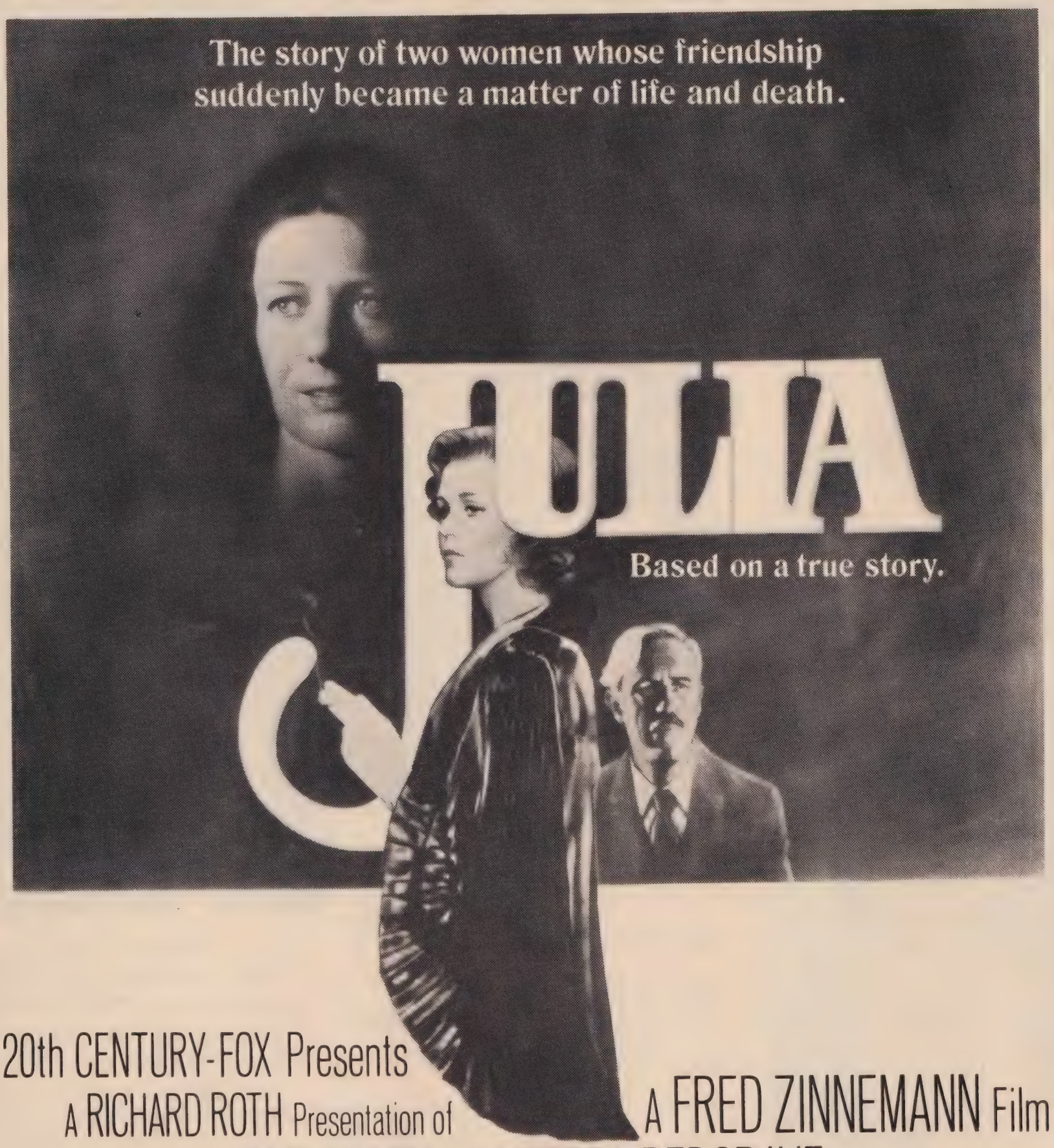
The success of the film makes such back-handed compliments palatable for Hollis MacLaren, but the truth is that she longs to play strong, independent characters.

"Basically, I'm always cast as the victim," she recently told a New York Times interviewer. "I did have one role, in (Don Owen's) **Partners**, where I played a *woman.* She was rich. She had sexuality. I can't tell you what a treat it was. I'd like to get away from the victims and play strong, older women. I've never been cast as the dumb blonde, but that is because I haven't the body."

Originally, **Outrageous** was scheduled to première in Toronto, at the Festival of Festivals, but it opened on short notice in New York when the prestigious East Side moviehouse, Don Rugoff's Cinema II, was suddenly vacated by **The Exorcist Part II.** Nothing was ready, to hear them tell it, no prints, no trailers, no advertising . . . but Cinema II was too good a location to pass up so they took a gamble.

No one complained then and you can be sure that no one is complaining now.

Martin Malina is the film critic for the Montreal Star.



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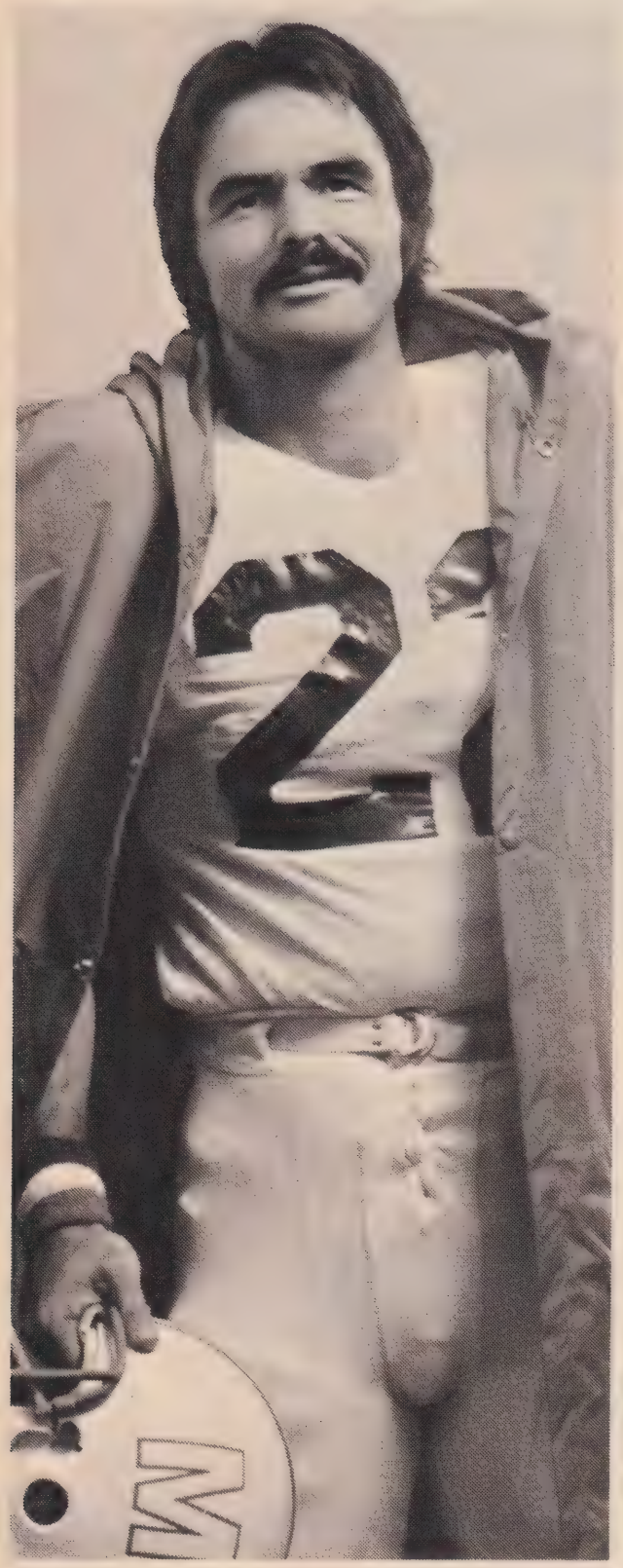

SEMI-TOUGH

Starring: Burt Reynolds, Kris Kristofferson, Jill Clayburgh and Robert Preston.
Direction: Michael Ritchie.

From the director of **Bad News Bears** comes this racy sports comedy about two grown-up, but no less immature, football players, who happen to be the best of friends and who happen to love the same woman, whose father happens to be their irrational boss. Set in the crazy world of professional football, **Semi-Tough** is populated with a cornucopia of colorful characters, all possessing rough-and-randy mouths.

PETE'S DRAGON

Starring: Helen Reddy, Mickey Rooney, Red Buttons, Shelley Winters and Sean Marshall.
Direction: Don Chaffey.

Waiting for a bright musical fantasy movie this Christmas? Well, Walt Disney Studio's **Pete's Dragon** may be the answer. Using the same winning combination of live action and animation that enlivened **Mary Poppins**, this story of a nine-year-old orphan and his occasionally visible friend, Elliott the dragon, was first conceived by Walt Disney himself nearly 15 years ago. He put it aside "to mellow" and never got back to it. In 1975, producer Jerome Courtland rediscovered it and now, two years later, we have the mood of imagination and reality reborn.

TELEFON

Starring: Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Patrick Magee, Tyne Daly and Donald Pleasence.
Direction: Donald Siegel.

For decades Russia cultivated an attitude of hostility towards America. Then came detente and both nations struggled to attain mutual understanding . . . but not everyone accepted the new policy. Charles Bronson, as the KGB's super-agent, is charged with the task of checkmating renegade agent and Stalinist hard-liner, Nicolai Dalchimsky (Donald Pleasence) from provoking the great powers into a third, and last, world war.

PREVIEW

THE CHOIRBOYS

Starring: Charles Durning, Lou Gossett, Jr., Perry King, Clyde Kusatsu, Stephen Macht, Tim McIntire, Randy Quaid, Chuck Sacci, Don Stroud and James Woods.
Direction: Robert Aldrich.

With **The Choirboys** director Robert Aldrich once again takes up the saga of the Los Angeles police force. Based on the best-selling novel by Joseph Wambaugh, **The Choirboys** chronicles the day-to-day life of ten rank and file policemen who gather frequently in MacArthur Park for the desperate partying ("choir practice") they need to keep them going in their tough jobs, on the backstreets and freeways of L.A. Their experiences mostly tend to confirm their low estimation of humankind. Their personal lives unfortunately reflect the horror of their jobs. Some manage to cope, some don't.

THE GOODBYE GIRL

Starring: Richard Dreyfuss, Marsha Mason and Quinn Cummings.
Direction: Herbert Ross.

A funny-touching Neil Simon comedy that will have you believing in the ultimate good of people. Richard Dreyfuss plays Elliot, a fast-talking but down'n'out thespian who inadvertently ends up bunking with a disaffected, but good-looking chorus girl and her even more disaffected nine-year-old. Between Elliot's overweening optimism, the chorus girl's definite yet wistful pessimism, and, then, the child's "please, mother, not again" dry cynicism you haven't much choice but to sit down and enjoy it.

VALENTINO

Starring: Rudolf Nureyev, Leslie Caron, Michelle Phillips and Carol Kane.
Direction: Ken Russell.

Rudolph Valentino was originally a "ten-cent-a-dance" ballroom dancer and "taxi-driver" in New York before going to Hollywood. Once there, his smooth, dark good looks, his animal-like grace and his screen love-making techniques made him a sensation. Rudolf Nureyev's lithe body and expressive, brooding face recall Valentino's vibrantly to life. His loves, Alla Nazimova (Leslie Caron) and Natasha Rambova (Michelle Phillips), drift hauntigly across the screen: eerily beautiful women who left their mark on the most handsome man of the silent screen.

THE TURNING POINT

ANNE BANCROFT & SHIRLEY MACLAINE Team up in a dramatic pas-de-deux

by Rex Reed

"Action! "

The word that echoes through movie sets around the world takes on new connotations of danger and excitement when it echoes through the hush of the marble halls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It almost startles Herbert Ross: tall, lanky, horn-rim glasses sliding down his aquiline nose, a wintry Shetland sweater wrapped around his hips. Though he's his usual amiable self as he directs his 10th movie in an illustrious career, it is evident that a special reverence clings to this one. He's making a dream come true for himself, his wife Nora Kaye, the former ballet star, and their good friend, playwright Arthur Laurents – all three of whom are deeply involved in producing, writing, and directing **The Turning Point.**

The dream has been to make a movie about the ballet – a subject that has always been considered box-office poison. Now the hemlock has been sweetened by an almost $5-million budget from Twentieth Century-Fox, and if **The Turning Point** is toxic, the people who are making it will at least die with smiles on their faces. The timing is actually perfect, since ballet has become the rage throughout the world. Never have there been three people in the entertainment media

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more qualified to dramatize the talents, dreams, realities, agonies, and ecstasies of the ballet world than Nora Kaye, who danced and lived the life; Laurents, who has been devoted to ballet as an avocation throughout his writing career; or Herbert Ross, who kicked his way out of the chorus line to become a cherished choreographer and, ultimately, one of the most tasteful, successful, and sought-after directors of stage and screen.

The Turning Point is not another dance film like Gene Kelly's **Invitation to the Dance** or the exotic **Red Shoes**. Nor is it a story of how an unknown gets a big chance the night the star breaks her leg. This is an original screenplay by Arthur Laurents about two women who start out early in life as friends and co-members of a ballet company. One opts out for marriage and a family, while the other goes on to glamorous stardom. Years later, they are reunited when the first woman's daughter dances her way into the limelight under the guidance of her mother's old friend, rekindling old envies, rivalries, and recriminations. Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft are the stars, with Baryshnikov, the mighty Russian who has eclipsed Nureyev in the ballet spotlight, and a galaxy of stars from the American Ballet Theatre Co. making guest appearances.

This movie may also be a turning point in the last decade's boy-meets-boy syndrome. The twist is that while it's putting actresses back on the marquee, Shirley MacLaine, a dancer, is playing the housewife-mother who sacrificed her career, while Anne Bancroft, a skillful dramatic actress, plays the ballerina. Only in the movies.

At the Metropolitan, the only dancing is a rather silly, silent, shuffling fox-trot executed by a gaggle of extras in evening clothes, supposedly attending a charity ball in the museum. In the center of the movement glides gorgeous, elusively sexy Anne Bancroft. Shiny black hair curly like a Grecian goddess; she drips soignée gray silk crepe and twinkling rhinestones. She flirts with her handsome partner, actor Peter Donat, with the same provocative insouciance she used to eradicate Dustin Hoffman in **The Graduate**. They pause to gush over a sixth century monolith (I hope the camera will not reveal the inscription, which reads, "Gift of Abby Rockefeller, 1942"), and under her trailing ball gown there's a glimpse of her Mel Brooks house-slipper wedgies in the joltingly un-chic color of putty yellow. Director Ross yells: "Print! " and Bancroft slips away, like poetic fog, on cat feet.

One understands that she has been coached in her role as prima ballerina by the great Sono Osato – not in dancing, but in sitting, standing and walking as a graceful ballerina should. One understands that Annie is dead serious about her role and has been heard to say, "I must go rehearse my ballet." One understands that she particularly likes a line in the script that says, "If I had been a man I could have been everything – star, father and husband – but as a woman, I had to choose." One understands that Annie said to Arthur Laurents: "I can't tell you how grateful I am for this part." (It was originally planned for Audrey Hepburn.) One must really rely on hearsay for these understandings because Anne Bancroft never speaks to the press.

Except by accident, and here's what she said: "Hi. I can't comment because I haven't seen the picture yet." (Big, flashing smile.) "Yes, it's been said that good women's roles are hard to find – but so is good meat. Especially at a good price." The big, flashing smile turns into a look of near panic as she is told she's in the company of a journalist. "Gee, if I had known that, I wouldn't have been so garrulous." The voluptuous mouth collapses as she melts into the protective shadow of a polychrome sandstone Bodhisattava, Chinese Dynasty, 550-577.

Meanwhile, back at the cavernous Minskoff Theatre on Broadway, Herbert Ross is seated in the first row with a microphone around his neck and his wife Nora in the next seat whispering into his right ear. "Now, boys and girls, everybody, smile like maniacs. Act like you're enjoying yourselves, for heaven sakes. Playback! " Music is piped in, and 30-odd members of the American Ballet Theatre corps de ballet come flopping onstage like dolphins whose sonar systems have been sabotaged. They are trying to dance the "Finale" of the ballet, "Etudes." Ross shouts: "Cut! Girls on Stage Left, you are an absolute disaster! You must keep your line straight and your arabesques the same height. I know you can dance better than this! "

Chagrined, the girls of one of the most prestigious ballet companies in the world disappear offstage to fluff up their tutus and stifle their rising temperaments. One of those unknowns is 18-year-old Leslie Brown, who just that day had been told she is to replace the weary, sunburned Gelsey Kirkland as Shirley MacLaine's dancing daughter. Kirkland is one of the leading young lights of Ballet Theatre, but she had spent the previous season with painful tendonitis, dancing every night despite the agony. The company had just closed its most dazzling season in history the Saturday night before **The Turning Point** began filming. Gelsey just did not have the energy to continue in the arduous task of moviemaking. So, without intending to recreate that old Ruby Keeler cliché, **The Turning Point** may well be creating a new star out of the misfortune of an old one.

Baryshnikov will not only dance throughout the film and play the pivotal role of a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's daughter finds romance, but the rumor is that he will dance the ballet "Push Comes to Shove" as a special feature. In addition, Ross has assembled a staggering parade of the great names in dance: legendary Alexandra Danilova will play the dance mistress, Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins of the New York City Ballet will dance Balanchine's "Pas de Deux," and there will be valuable contributions from Antoinette Sibley of the Royal Ballet, Marcia Haydee and Richard Cragun of the Stuttgart Ballet, and Fernando Bujones, the arrogant, 21-year-old Cuban they call the "Muhammad Ali of dance."

Scott Douglas and Enriques Martinez dance on screen and keep the other dancers in line offscreen. Martinez is spiffy, from the pages of *Vanity Fair*; Douglas is in bare tights with leg warmers. His bare chest is hung with an atrocious felt bathrobe like the one from Woolworth you

bought your grandfather at Christmas when you were nine. Martinez and Douglas easily bring the dancers to a more steady flow: "O.K., boys and girls? From the entrance! You ready up there in the balcony? " Ross has four cameras shooting the ballet sequences just to cover any emergencies. This time the company passes inspection with majestic grace, and lunch is called.

Herbert Ross chainsmokes through his salad and graciously gives credit to everyone but himself for the phenomenal film he's making. Arthur Laurents' script is "great." Cameraman Robert Surtees has Oscars for **Ben Hur** and **King Solomon's Mines.** The movie will be dazzling. The dancers are "hand-picked, the best." Bancroft and MacLaine are "fabulous."

The most difficult thing was getting the money out of Fox. The next most difficult thing is "waiting and praying that everyone stays alive and healthy until it's all over. Most of the money in the budget is going to the dance members," says the director of **Funny Lady** and **The Sunshine Boys.** "The chorus is getting SAG minimum, which is higher than they get paid in the ballet, and all these necessary and fine technicians eat up the money. But the creative people like me are taking less money ourselves.

"It's strange to think that Arthur, Nora and I have had this idea for so many years. But it was Nora who was the motor behind us. She never stopped pushing and finally, when she approached Arthur once more, she was prepared to give him a real pitch. She was surprised when he gave in immediately and said yes." At this moment, Nora arrives and gently scolds Herb for being too hard on the girls of "Stage Left." "They were not adequately warmed up," she says, "and they are very ashamed. I think their feelings are hurt."

What's with this habit of calling grown men and women in ballet ' boys and girls '? "I was a 'girl' until the day I retired. It's just always been that way. No one can explain why when two women dance together that simple act is called 'the miseries'. You hear ballet masters say 'after the miseries'. Misery is what I really had all summer living through the major and minor accidents of the company so far. I didn't think I'd get through it with everybody in one piece. But here we are, and I'm numb."

Very much alive is the burning bundle of energy called Shirley MacLaine, one of the few stars who keeps an apartment in New York and calls it home. "New York is life," says the pencil-slim redhead sitting on a high-back chair leaning over a plate of cold shrimp she calls lunch, although it's almost 7 p.m. "Just going to get a bagel you can pick up 20 people on the way. In L.A. all you ever get to see of people are their license plates. This city may be abrasive, but it keeps me in touch with reality and progress. I go to California to swim, meditate, and drive my car. I wish this entire film could be made in New York, but it would be too expensive. I can't imagine shooting a New York street scene in Pasadena."

Shirley has been nicknamed "Mack the Mouth" by the British, who adore her, and unlike co-star Bancroft, she is highly visible and audible. "Of course I'm not worried about my image as a screen mother with an 18-year-old daughter. In real life I'm the mother of a 21-year-old daughter. It's about time I played myself.

"I don't want to say this film is a breakthrough – and this is important, got that? And for ONLY ONE reason. If the movie falls on its ass, I don't want women to get blamed. Let them blame it on the ballet.

"Ha! " The raucous laughter fills her flat to overflow. "Sure I want audiences to love this film to death. I think it will be a lovely caress for the eyes and enlightening for the mind. Everyone is saying, 'At last, a movie about women, for women! ' That's not what this is all about. What would they say if this movie were about a man and a woman? They haven't seen that in five years – oh yeah, Arthur Laurents' **The Way We Were.** But that was a beautiful man and ugly Jewish princess story. It would be hard for Robert Redford to play my part, though he would certainly look better than me. Ha! I'm glad I've got this role, because it is MY life I'm playing. Just like the film is Herb's life and Nora's life and Arthur's life.

"I was in Ballet Theatre, you know – for about 20 minutes. I could do three pirouettes on point to the right, and NOTHING to the left. But when I got on point I looked like King Kong. These big feet on point lifted me to six-foot-one, and there wasn't a man who could partner me, and I was only 12! THAT'S when I became an actress. I didn't give up a career for marriage, but I lived that experience with all of my friends, who did quit. Now, when we all sit down and discuss ballet 20 years later, we all come alive. Ballet formed us. I still feel like a ballet dancer, which means I'm disciplined. And I'm half masochist.

"Ballet is pain. Plain killing pain. It's not those ephemeral smiles and beautiful gliding passages. It's grit and grime and bandages and vomit like you can't imagine. Only Herbie Ross and Nora and Arthur could make this picture, because they each understand the subject so well."

Her "luncheon" shrimps are gone and her dinner date and live-in fellow, Pete Hamill, has arrived. One more anecdote: "When I was a student in Washington, I went to Constitution Hall to see Nora Kaye dance 'Black Swan.' She knocked me out. She did 64 – count 'em – fortes and never lost her balance. Then she came on to dance 'Fall River Legend.' I was so impressed I sneaked away from my ballet classmates to her stage door and thought because she was so dark and had an E on the end of her name, she must be Russian.

"I opened the door and said, 'Miss Kaye, can you understand me? ' Nora looked up from her mirror and said in this divine New York accent, 'Hi, sweetie, put your tiny ass right down here and let's talk.' And imagine, here I am working with her. I'm sure Herbert Ross deliberately picked August to make this movie so he could get real sweat. It's agony, but it's delicious. Ha! "

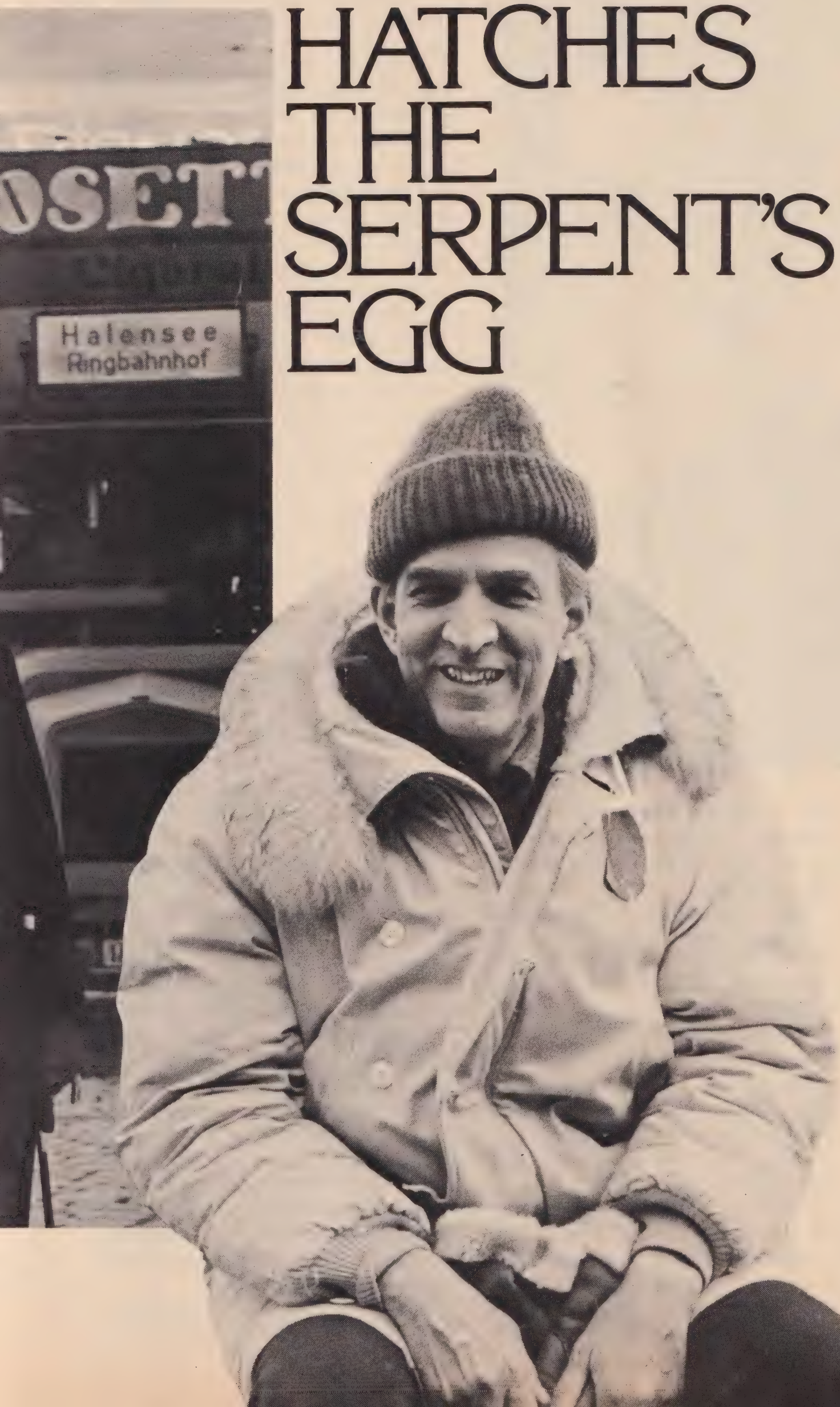
Like it is for others, **The Turning Point** is both a theme and a dream for MacLaine. If it works, it could be their "Chorus Line," and a joy for the rest of us. In a movie world bloated with worms and sharks and violent disaster epics, it's manna from heaven in a season of drought.

__Rex Reed__ is the film critic for the New York Daily News.

INGMAR

BERGMAN

HATCHES THE SERPENT'S EGG



by Clyde Gilmour

Coming soon from Dino De Laurentiis is **The Serpent's Egg**, the first movie made by Ingmar Bergman since the great Swedish writer-director went into self-exile in the spring of 1976. A realistic drama about the birth pangs of Hitlerism in Germany in 1923, it was filmed in Munich, where Bergman now lives and works.

"This is my horror film," Bergman has been quoted as saying. The title comes from a line in the script, a line that chills the blood when you read the words: "It is like a serpent's egg. Through the thin membrane you can clearly discern the already perfect reptile."

The epigraph on page 2 of the 111-page screenplay is by the brilliant but doom-haunted German dramatist, Georg Buechner, who died in 1837 at the age of 24: "Man is an abyss, and I turn giddy when I look down into it."

Norwegian-born Liv Ullmann and the American actor David Carradine top Bergman's international cast. The story unfolds between Nov. 3 and 11, 1923, just before and just after the abortive Beer Hall Putsch in which the 34-year-old Adolf Hitler's Nazis in Munich tried to seize control of the local Bavarian government. The revolution was a failure and Hitler was jailed for nine months, but the seeds were planted for the Nazi take-over 10 years later. It was the real beginning of the anti-Semitic death camps, the real start of World War II.

Carradine's role is that of Abel Rosenberg, a Jew from Philadelphia, who becomes a trapeze performer in a Berlin circus. Ullmann appears as Manuela, his sister-in-law, a singer in a sleazy cabaret.

After Abel's brother dies, an apparent suicide, Abel and Manuela are offered an apartment in a clinic run in

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secretive fashion by a Dr. Hans Vergerus, played by Heinz Bennent. The clinic is a forerunner of the dreadful medical experiments that were to accompany the Nazis' efforts to perpetuate "the master race."

Little more than that has leaked through about the story. Nobody is saying whether the young Hitler himself is a character in the drama. **The Serpent's Egg** was filmed on a hermetically closed set under conditions of total secrecy. No press people or other visitors were allowed until the final day of shooting. Every member of the cast and crew had a private key to the stage door.

It has been announced, however, that American actor James Whitmore has a featured role as a Catholic priest involved in the ominous happenings. Glynn Turman, a black actor recently seen in **Cooley High**, appears as a musician trapped amid the Berlin turmoil. Gert Frobe plays a German police inspector.

The events in Bergman's script take place against what is said to be an utterly realistic backdrop of the despairing, suicidal, inflation-ridden Germany of 1923, five years after the nation's defeat in World War I. Wheelbarrows were too small to carry the money needed to buy a few groceries. Four billion German marks were worth only one American dollar. All four billion of them were needed to purchase a single pack of cigarettes.

It was against this background that the ex-corporal Hitler formed an unlikely alliance with the aristocratic Gen. Erich Ludendorff, one of Germany's top brass during the 1914-18 conflict. Leading Bavarian officials, meeting in a Munich tavern, were surrounded by jackbooted Nazi storm troopers and forced to swear loyalty to the "revolution." But the coup was soon defeated by the Bavarian army. Hitler went to prison – and wrote *Mein Kampf* (My Struggle), destined to become the bible of the Nazis in their strivings toward world supremacy.

All this may seem a strangely out-of-key assignment for Sweden's Bergman to tackle after his nasty encounters with Swedish tax authorities, that caused him to abandon his homeland. But the Hitler story is deeply rooted in Bergman's past.

In his middle teens, the future filmmaker spent several summers in Germany in the 1930s with the family of a Lutheran minister, a friend of Bergman's pastor father. In 1935 the young Swede went with his hosts to a Nazi party rally in Weimar. Hitler was there, and Bergman found himself caught up in the general frenzy, bellowing "Heil Hitler! " with the rest of them.

The Swede's boyish infatuation with the Nazi spirit was short-lived, but he has never forgotten that eerie experience.

The Serpent's Egg is more than just the first film Bergman has ever made outside Scandinavia. It is also eagerly awaited by Bergman-watchers for another reason. It underlines his complete withdrawal from his theological anxieties, all those anguished doubts about God and man and the icy universe that long dominated so much of his earlier output.

Bergman's clergyman father was a stern and frigid man who frowned on casual displays of personal affection. There was little, if any, hugging and kissing in his household. The pastor often punished the boy by locking him for hours in a small, dark closet.

Young Ingmar grew up with a mental picture of God as a remote, remorseless deity not in the least interested in the problems of individual humans. In one form or another, the theme was to manifest itself in such famous Bergman films as **The Seventh Seal** and **The Magician** and **The Virgin Spring** and **The Silence**. A clergyman plagued with doubt was the central character in **Winter Light**.

The great film-maker temporarily took a different path in 1974 when he

concentrated on a joyful screen edition of a Mozart opera he adores, **The Magic Flute**. A year later, however, in **Face to Face,** he was somberly examining the 20th-century religion of psychiatry, which millions of moderns seem to trust more than they ever trusted God.

Evidently, all that is now a thing of the past, and Bergman is looking confidently toward new horizons. In recent interviews he has declared he is through making movies about mankind's eternal quest for a Supreme Being. He wants to tell stories about ordinary people and realistic, straightforward relationships.

Self-uprooted from his native soil, Bergman lost no time in setting up an environment in Munich similar to the one that had always surrounded his casts and crews in Sweden.

Paternalism is the order of the day. The famous director calls everybody by his first name, and everybody calls him Ingmar. There is plenty of hugging and kissing. Bergman wants his actors to feel loved, admired, and protected. A family atmosphere prevails at all times, with just a touch of parental discipline in Bergman's passion for punctuality. He fired one technician for being five minutes late for a midday conference.

David Carradine was Bergman's choice to play the Abel Rosenberg role in **The Serpent's Egg** after a shrewd Hollywood agent sent Bergman a partial work-print of **Bound for Glory,** the American movie about folksinger Woody Guthrie.

Carradine, from all accounts, was bowled over by the honor of being asked to work with the Swedish master. He said yes without seeing a script or knowing anything about the film beyond the fact that Bergman would make it. Anyway, Carradine jumped at the opportunity to become a colleague of Liv Ullmann's. She, of course, has long been an eminent member of Bergman's Scandinavian "stock company." **The Serpent's Egg** is her eighth Bergman film.

As usual, the cameraman is the superb Sven Nykvist, a Bergman regular since the early days. It was he who came up with a workable compromise after Bergman had said he wanted the film about early Nazis to be in black and white. This proposal was firmly opposed by producer Dino De Laurentiis, who considers Bergman a genius but insisted on color. At Nykvist's suggestion, the shooting was finally done by using color but emphasizing the drab grays of depressed Berlin in 1923. In the lensman's own words, he "shot color in black and white."

The film's set designer, Rolf Zehetbauer, won an Academy Award for his work in **Cabaret.** He is the head of the art department of the Bavaria Studios in Munich.

The word is out that **The Serpent's Egg** will include one of the largest outdoor sets in the history of the international screen. It will meticulously represent the cobblestone streets of Berlin of 54 years ago, with a busy thoroughfare, three-storey buildings, trolley cars, and hundreds of scurrying pedestrians.

De Laurentiis says Bergman, perfectionist though he is, never squanders money needlessly. The production was kept within its budget of $4 million, a fairly modest figure in this era of superwhoppers.

But the Swedish director spares nothing in his determination to achieve authenticity and to surround his actors with an environment likely to enkindle their imaginations. Some 1923 newspapers were photocopied for one scene in which only their front pages would be glimpsed. Bergman ordered the entire papers duplicated. Only then would they be believed.

The film's costumes were created by Charlotte Flemming, whose work enhanced the vividness of **Cabaret**.

Bergman has kept busy since he finished his duties for **The Serpent's Egg.** He earned smashing reviews for a new stage production of Strindberg's **A Dream Play** at the Residenz Theatre in Munich. Then he began preparing to film his own script, *Autumn Sonata*, in Norway, with Ingrid Bergman (no relation) and Liv Ullmann as mother and daughter.

After that, the director will be reunited with producer De Laurentiis in what might well be the definitive screen edition of a Franz Lehar operetta masterpiece, *The Merry Widow.* Where will it be made? In Vienna of course. Where else?

__Clyde Gilmour__ is the film critic for the Toronto Star and host of "Gilmour's Albums" on CBC Radio.

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OH, GOD!

Mr. Denver comes to the movies

by Wilder Penfield III

First it was *Leaving On A Jet Plane.* Then it was *Rocky Mountain High.* Songwriter John Denver has always thought upwardly mobile thoughts. Even now that his singing has brought him a whole side of a mountain in Aspen, his ambitions remain lofty.

And why not? "I can do anything," he has said. "One of these days I'll be so complete I won't be a human. I'll be a god."

Denver's first movie role projects him part way: he plays an ordinary guy (actually the assistant manager of a suburban Los Angeles supermarket) who meets God in the flesh on the 27th floor of a 17-storey building.

And then, well, what would your friends, even your family, say if you told them God looked like George Burns?

In fact, He *is* George Burns, or maybe it is the other way around, but anyway He has decided it is time He got another message passed on to the world.

Burns, who is himself approaching the age of immortality, says, "It wasn't hard to play God. At my age anything I do is a miracle."

The movie that pairs Burns and Denver is called **Oh, God!** It came from an original script by Larry Gelbart, who wrote the Broadway hit, *Sly Fox,* and a novel by Avery Corman. But the name in the credits that best predicts the zest of the movie to follow is that of Carl Reiner.

After recording Mel Brooks as *The 2000-Year-Old Man,* directing a divine octogenarian was child's play.

It was obviously fun for Burns too. "At my age," he says, "if I don't enjoy doing it, I don't do it."

But he does admit to having been nervous. "I thought I'd be sued by Danny Thomas. And I had to get Charlton Heston's approval."

And what about John Denver, who is only 34, and has a reputation for being serious about his cheerfulness? "He is a terrific talent. People are going to be surprised at what a good, easy and natural actor he is," Burns says. "I'd like to adopt him. I could make a lot of money with him."

(One small step for the forces of understatement.)

Denver was born John Henry Deutschendorf to an air-force pilot with three world aviation records. When he first performed as a folk-

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OH, GOD!

singer in Texas, he was at college majoring in architecture. Not until he replaced Chad Mitchell in the Chad Mitchell Trio from 1965-69 did he become intent on musical stardom.

Since then he has recorded 15 albums under his own name (many of them million sellers) and broke records at concert box-offices and starred in TV specials that broke still more records and generally became identified with the kind of goodness and music that follows a man all the days of his life.

"My only concern," he has said, "is that nothing I say get in the way of what my life – I mean music – does for people. It seems to me I'm being more effective in achieving the revolutionary goal of transforming the collective conscience of the world in what I do than politicians are. I'm making a contribution to people's lives."

So what's he doing as the foil in a Carl Reiner comedy, a movie for which he has been asked neither to write nor to sing?

He's having a ball, that's what, and incidentally launching a whole new career.

"Sure I take it seriously," he says. "I want to make it good, I want the picture to be good and I owe Carl and George, both of whom trusted me, all I can give to my first screen role."

Coincidentally, his manager, Jerry Weintraub, is the producer of the picture.

The role is not far from the role John Denver plays in real life. In the movie he has to tell the world, "God still cares, and it's up to us to make it work." When he is reciting his own lines he believes that Werner Erhard, founding father of est, is God, that he still cares, and that it's up to us to make it work.

(est is a well-publicized human-potential organization of which Denver is a member of the advisory board, but as a missionary he still retains amateur status.)

In real life Denver is married and, last time I heard, was looking for a second child to adopt. On screen his suburban normalcy is enhanced by a kid with glasses, another with braces, and a fine figure of a wife (played by

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OH, GOD!

dancer-turned-actress Teri Garr, who was Gene Hackman's girlfriend in **The Conversation).**

It would be a much easier role, of course, if God didn't show up, but then it wouldn't be a movie.

God is a working man with a big cigar. Sometimes He drives a cab and sometimes He cleans up fallen leaves in a city park, and sometimes He makes it rain INSIDE the car while it's dry and sunny outside.

As Burns plays it, He is an unflappable fellow who realizes He has made some mistakes, like making avocado seeds too big, but He means well and works tirelessly to prove it.

So does George Burns, who celebrated his 81st birthday on location. He rests every seventh day, but he is already back at work on the nightclub and TV circuit.

"I don't think there are two personalities anywhere who are so perfectly suited for these roles," says director Reiner (who makes a short appearance himself in the movie).

Among the other people who get into the act are Dinah Shore as a TV hostess, two L.A. TV news personalities as (you guessed it) L.A. TV news personalities, character actor Paul Scorvino **(A Touch of Class, The Gambler, The Day of the Dolphins)** as a real character, and comedian Martin Mull as (no, not this time) a John Denver lookalike.

Behind the camera is Victor Kemper, who shot **Dog Day Afternoon.**

Is **Oh, God!** going to offend people? It's bound to with Reiner at the helm, but it certainly won't put off anyone who has forgiven him for the wicked irreverence of **Where's Poppa?** Even Denver, the original Sunshine Boy (Burns won his supporting actor Oscar as an elderly imitation) is happy with the spirit of the picture.

"It's pleasant and comfortable, and I think it's going to work," he says.

Well, the eye of that beholder is already back up in the mountains of Colorado where, if all else fails, the movie should inspire an amazing song.

Wilder Penfield III is the music critic for the Toronto Sun.

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eumig *movie making made easy*

joseph brooks

by Brian Perry

Every actress who ever dreamed about the "impossible dream" of walking into a producer or director's office and having someone say, "You've got the part," knows that dreams like that remain just that, dreams.

Except in the case of **You Light Up My Life**, the film maker and the actress found each other.

The movie, **You Light Up My Life**, is a contemporary story, set against the worlds of pop music and television commercials, stars actress and comedienne Didi Conn as Laurie Robinson, an aspiring songwriter and singer.

The film is the brainchild of one Joseph Brooks. For the past eight years, Brooks has been the most successful composer in the field of radio and television commercials. He has won more awards than anyone in the history of the industry, including 21 Clios (The Oscar of the advertising industry). At one time, it was calculated that more people in the United States were listening to his music than to that of any other composer in the world.

Brooks broadened his base by composing musical scores for motion pictures, including Vittorio De Sica's masterpiece, **The Garden of the Finzi Continis**, the 1971 Academy Award winner of Best Foreign Film, **Marjoe**, **Jeremy** and, finally, the highly successful **The Lords of Flatbush**. In the latter, the score played a vital part in the film with over twelve original songs written, the music often dictating the editing and vice versa. It was a long process and in it he began to see that only by creating an entire film would he be happy. He therefore wrote, produced and directed **You Light Up My Life** as well as, of course, composing the musical score.

Laurie Robinson's dreams of success and those of Joseph Brooks correspond. "Anyone who sets out to make a movie starts with a dream," he said. "Every film maker, or would-be film maker, believes that, against all odds, he will find a way to finance his film, find the right actors and have the courage to stick to a single-mindedness in telling his story on film so that when it's over and done, he can at least be able to say: 'This is my movie, the way I envisioned it.' "

Brooks has no hesitation in admitting that he set out to make a film for young people.

"I knew that I wanted to make a film for young people. Too often they are left with Disney type films and silliness which bores them. Kids are extremely vulnerable and have an innocence which allows you to go into raw emotions and not be afraid of being corny. Since I would be directing, producing, writing and scoring . . . and eventually creating the entire advertising campaign, I wanted to tackle a film that I was certain I could handle, one with a basic single plot and revolving around a central character."

One of the major dilemmas from the outset, according to Brooks, was "how to produce a musical that was not a musical."

"Musicals per se are boring, to have someone stand up and sing for no reason doesn't seem plausible to me and never has, so I decided that the most effective way around the problem was to make my lead character a recording artist. In that way, the music becomes part of the dialogue, another character almost. In making Laurie both a composer as well as a recording artist, we could enjoy the added pleasure, and somewhat difficult task, of creating the kind of emotional lyrics that would fit into the character mold which we were shaping. The music became almost a subtext of the film.

The main text of the film, however, is that of a young woman being pressured from every side, unsure of herself, apprehensive about a career in a business that is fiercely competitive.

The character of Laurie Robinson functions as a showcase for the talents of Didi Conn, whom Brooks selected after looking at 400 actresses. The circumstances were, to say the least, a bit bizarre.

"I was ready to pack it in," Brooks recalls. "It didn't make sense to me to use someone who wasn't the perfect actress for the part. Then one day my secretary came to my hotel and told me that of friend of hers, an acting teacher in Los Angeles, called and recommended a student in her class. She had only done a few commercials, but I agreed to see her.

"The doorbell rang that afternoon and standing in front of me was this

PROFILE

very thin girl, hair up in curlers, with a high-pitched voice and an energy that gave one the impression that she was plugged into a wall socket. 'I hear you guys are making a movie,' the high pitched voice said. I laughed. 'Is this how you always are?' I asked her. Didi smiled. 'Sure,' she said and walked in. I knew within ten seconds that she had the part. We had finally found each other."

Brooks is aware he will be accused of striving too hard to produce a 'wholesome' movie, but he's not overly concerned.

"I feel very strongly that there is an audience for this type of movie, a movie with real people. And even if **You Light Up My Life** does not move an audience emotionally – but functions solely as entertainment – I'll be satisfied."

Joseph Brooks' next project is to be **California**, a modern-day love story set against the world of Madison Avenue.

"We will probably co-finance this one with a studio. One of the aims is to continue to keep an outside base of independent investors so that we are never dependent on a studio, or for that matter, on any one entity to finance our films. I want to be certain at all times of having outside financing although we may never use it . . . it's nice to know, above all else, that the film will be made. And I intend to make a lot of films.

Brian Perry is a film critic often reviewing for The Toronto Star.

THE FONZ HERO OF HEROES

by George Anthony

Lancaster, Calif. – Henry Winkler peeked through a crack in the curtain and saw them peeking back. Dozens and dozens of them – hundreds, actually – some with babes in arms, some with leather jackets, all hoping to catch one more glimpse of The Fonz.

"They're just going to stand in front of the trailer until I walk out," he said, nodding his head slowly. "They are just going to stand there, very calm, and wait for me. For hours."

It was one o'clock on a blistering desert afternoon, and we were 60 miles from Hollywood, on location in a small town for a scene of **Heroes**, Winkler's first feature film as a star.

Winkler and his leading lady, Sally Field, had arrived on the set at 8 a.m., but onlookers were already stationing themselves when the crew arrived at six, patiently waiting through endless camera set-ups to see their idol in action.

When the company finally broke for lunch, publicist Peter Silberman quietly surrounded Winkler with a phalanx of technicians and got him through the crowds to the catering wagon, where Winkler loaded up his plate and quick-

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ly headed for his trailer dressing-room.

"Hey Fonzie, gimme your autograph! " cried the kids jockeying for position on the sidewalk.

Winkler gritted his teeth, smiled and shrugged, all at the same time. One kid broke through the ranks and shoved a pencil and a scrap of paper in his face. "C'mon, Fonz! Sign it! " Winkler shook his head. "I'm working," he told the kid. "And I'm not The Fonz." The kid looked at him suspiciously. "Sure you're The Fonz," he protested. But Winkler had already retreated to the safety of his trailer.

"Let's get something going here," he said, turning on the radio. He found an FM rock station he liked and switched on the air conditioning with his free hand.

He ate his lunch as we talked, gesturing with his fork whenever he wanted to make a special point. "You want some cake? Have some cake." The cake, frosted lavishly and obviously homemade, was a gift from a fan. Two letters – one from Florida, one from Wisconsin – sat beside it, open, on the dinette table.

Dear Mr. Winkler, Thank you for your wise words to our young people on alcohol and drug abuse. We deeply appreciate the good example and the influence you exert. We have a 17-year-old son and grandchildren who idolize you.

And:

Dear Mr. Winkler,

Have just read the story in our local paper headlined The Fonz Blasts Teenage Booze Abuse. Thank God we have an idol we can look up to today . . .

"Just got those today," said Winkler. "They were forwarded from Santa Rosa, where we were shooting last week. Y'know how they were addressed? They mailed 'em to Henry Winkler, Santa Rosa, California – and I actually GOT 'em! "

He forked lustily into another mouthful of roast beef. "We were shooting up in Petaluma – another small town, in northern California – and we had about 3,000 people turn out every day. The crew tell me it's the biggest turnout they've ever seen, and they've seen a lot of stuff, these guys. I mean, the entire town stopped. Schools let out and everything. In Petaluma they stood in artificial rain, on a cold night. The next day they all stood, without rain gear, in the middle of the rain. For hours. I mean, fans are INCREDIBLE."

Well, his fans are. He was just another talented, aspiring actor in classy B-movies like **Lords of Flatbush** till he clicked big with a TV series called *Happy Days,* in which, interestingly enough, he is still a supporting player. Baby-faced Ron Howard is still the star. When Winkler won a Golden Globe award earlier this year, he put it right on the line. "My success on *Happy Days,"* he told millions of TV viewers, "is in direct proportion to Ron Howard's generosity." In that one sentence he distinguished himself by making the classiest acceptance speech of the decade.

In conversation he refers to Fonzie, his *Happy Days* counterpart, as "the character." Ask him when he first realized he was attracting a phenomenal following and he'll reply, "The character started to take off at the beginning, and two years ago we got REALLY hot. One minute popular, the next minute in ORBIT."

Now he can't go anywhere without being recognized. Crossing the street is a challenge; eating in public places is almost an impossibility. Has he had trouble handling his new Super-Fame?

"No," he says, with no trace of hesitation in his voice. "No, it's my responsibility to handle that. I have this concept, see, that if you want to be a star, if you're to call all that energy to you, then it's your responsibility to learn how to handle it."

Yet here he is, after a full season of *Happy Days,* doing a drama about a Vietnam soldier who comes back to America and can't seem to fit in. "We'll finish **Heroes** in 31 days – we're a week over – and then I start a second feature, with Carl Reiner directing. It used to be called **Gorgeous George**, but we've changed the title to **The One, The Only.** The guy who wrote it, Steve Gordon, is the same guy who developed *The Practice* for TV. It is a monumental script. You laugh from Page 4." He rubbed his hands together in anticipation. "I work on instinct. And my instinct tells me there's something special about **Heroes** and the Steve Gordon script. And hopefully I'm right."

And after that?

"Straight back to *Happy Days.* with no time off." How does he do it? "Because we don't really 'run out' of energy – we only think we do. So when you have a quiet time, you drop to Zero Level and rest." He paused to light a cigarette. "I just hope that I have not over-extended myself – that my energy will persevere."

He'd never worked with Sally Field before – "She's a very strong lady. Very talented." Could he tell if they would have the right on-screen chemistry together? "Oh sure. You know right away."

He held up his hands in mid-air, as if he was about to join them in prayer.

"Put your hands together like this. Just concentrate into your palms," he said, keeping one hand stationary and moving the other towards it slowly, "and you'll feel it." I couldn't get it. "Here, put your palm up." He brought his palm closer to my open hand. "Feel it? "

I nodded.

"Yeah," he said. "You can feel people give off energy. You know, rock stars, just standing there, in front of 20,000 people yelling their name – it's like a rush of human energy. That's why audiences are so vital to performers when they're on stage."

Someone in the throng gathering around his trailer was carrying a Fonzie doll. I asked Winkler if he had one.

"No," he said. "I have nothing but my imagination. The Fonz is only my imagination. People always say 'You don't like The Fonz? ' because I don't like to be called The Fonz. There is a difference. People expect me to be . . . people think I am that character."

He still watches *Happy Days* every week, just like the rest of America – but he never goes to the rushes. "NEVVV-er. I learned early that if I don't want to slit my wrists I stay away from rushes. No, I'm not objective about my own work. I'll look at it and say, What is that? " He did a 90-minute Shakespearean tour-de-force this season on television but wasn't entirely pleased with that, either. "I look at my own work and all I can see are the ways I could have enhanced it, made it smoother."

He's got fame, and fortune, now. What's left?

"I want to be a better actor," he says, his eyes burning with fatigue. "I want to work till I'm put in a box."

He's always felt that way, "since I was seven. And no, I haven't the slightest idea why. I just love it."

Unlike many of the young viewers who idolize him, Winkler has always known that acting was what he wanted to do. "I enjoy it," he says simply. "It makes me happy." When he was in his junior year in college, with only one more year to go, he almost got cold feet, wondering if he could make it.

"I started thinking that maybe I would work with children exclusively – just do that," he recalls. "But I never gave it up, never really thought of anything else."

He always wanted to work with kids, too, but says he doesn't really know why.

Except that I'm deeply concerned," he added seriously, "about passing on the facts, to children, that they are fine as they are. That we are all the same. And that there is great power in the fact that we are all the same – that nobody else is really cooler than we are.

"The competitiveness that sometimes gets out of hand, in the peer group alone, makes me sad. We give so much power away. We have such a lack of Self that we are willing, so willing, to give anybody the power to be better than we are."

Why do we suffer from Lack of Self – as in Self-Esteem?

"I think we're taught that in Western cultures. I think it's passed down from generation to generation." At the age of seven he knew what he wanted, "but emotionally I always thought of myself as a second-rate citizen."

No more?

"No more." He sighed. "I see it all the time. People are always putting themselves down when they come to say hello to me. They say, 'I'm Nobody and you're Somebody,' and that's not true. If you think about it, it really isn't true. The fact is, more people know who I am than maybe another individual. I mean, that's the only difference. Or whether I'm a boy and they're a girl, or whether I'm older and they're younger. Those are the differences."

He snuffed out his cigarette.

"It's just a down attitude," said Winkler, shaking his head sadly. "It's just a bummer." He smiled sardonically. "Have you ever noticed that a good review stays for 10 minutes but a bad review sticks for six months? "

All part of the same cultural put-down?

"Absolutely," he said emphatically. He paused thoughtfully. "I believe that the knowledge one has, besides out-and-out facts, is the knowledge that one lives through oneself. One knows other people when one knows one's Self."

Winkler stretched out on his dressing-room sofa to grab a quick siesta before they called him for the next scene, and I made my way out of his trailer as quietly as possible.

"Is it true? " said the two teenagers blocking my way. "Were you with him? Is the Fonz really inside that trailer? "

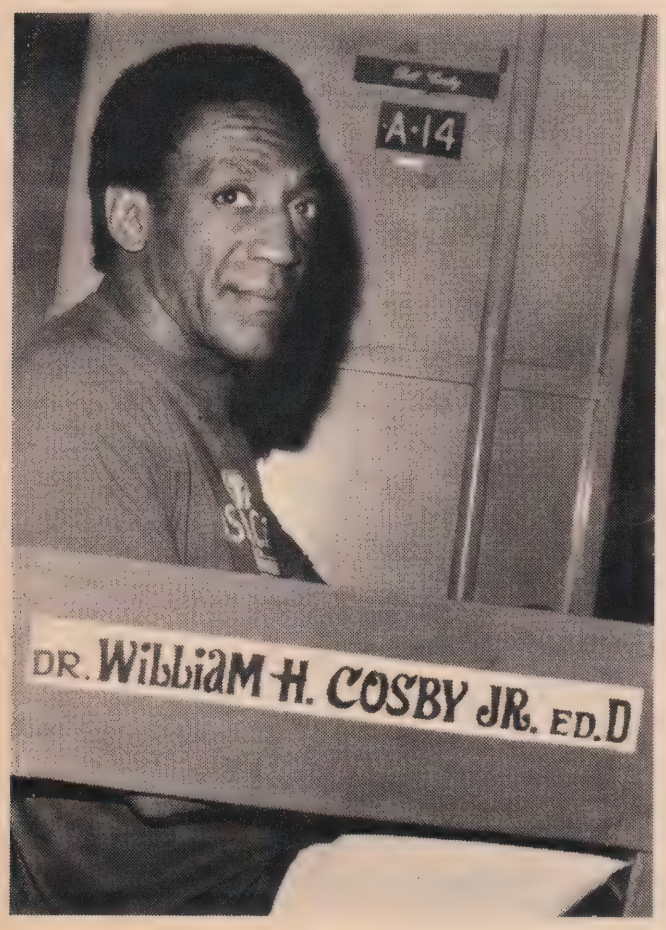
"No," I replied. "No, he's not."

They could see I was telling the truth, so they let me through.

***George Anthony** is the film critic for The Toronto Sun.*

OH HOW HE HATES TO GET UP IN THE MORNING:

Dustin Hoffman a lay-about? Perish the thought. His bedroom manner is strictly business – movie business – and he's going to stay awake while he shoots this scene for his new drama, **Straight Time**, even if he has to have his lunch and dinner in bed. Alone.



THE DOCTOR IS IN:

"Now that you have your Ph.D," Sidney Poitier asked chum Bill Cosby, "do we have to call you Doc?" Retorted Cosby without missing a beat: "No, Sidney, not you. You don't have to call me that. You can call me Mr. Cosby!" Not to be topped, director Poitier ordered a special canvas chair for Dr. Cosby when the two teamed up again to make **A Piece Of The Action**, a cinema spoof guaranteed to please the legions of fans who loved **Uptown Saturday Night** and **Let's Do It Again.**

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR FUNNIEST SCENES."

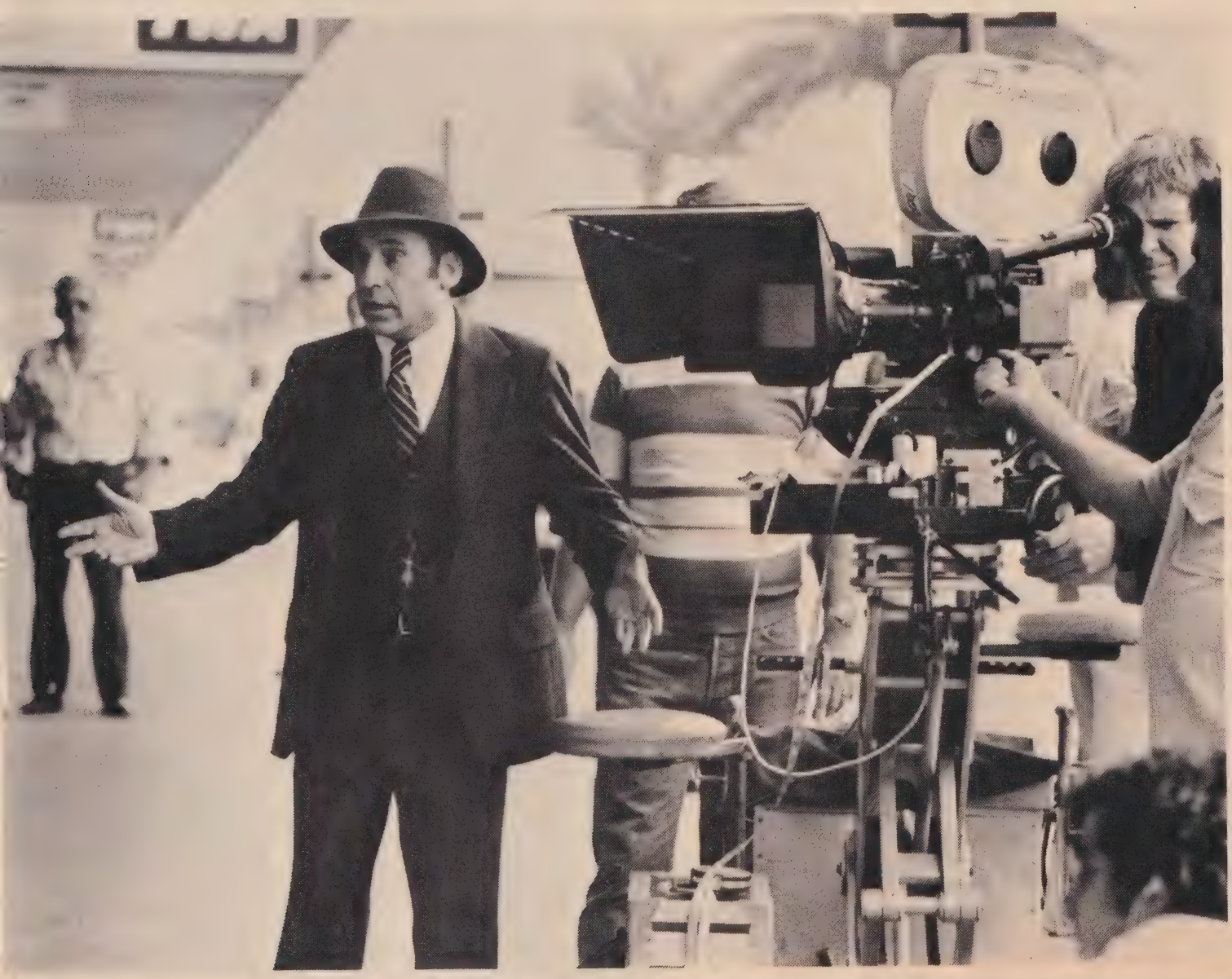
That must be every comic's prayer – especially when he's spending millions on a brand new screen comedy. The comic in this case is actor-writer-director Gene Wilder, about to shoot a sequence for his new movie **The World's Greatest Lover.**

P.S. According to the rushes, his prayers were answered.

ON LOCATION

OKAY, LET'S BURN SOME RUBBER!

Remember when Marlon Brando was the only dude on a motorcycle? Now Clint Eastwood is straddling one – and it's all in the line of duty. Eastwood is taking Sandra Locke for a spin in **Gauntlet**, his new thriller in which he plays a detective who – surprise, surprise – isn't **Dirty Harry**.



"WHADDYA MEAN WE'RE AT THE WRONG AIRPORT?"

That kind of news can make a fellow pretty anxious – especially if his cast and crew are standing by. But if Mel Brooks wasn't anxious, he probably wouldn't make those zany movie spoofs, and his new satire of Hitchcock suspense thrillers should be one of his best. The title? You guessed it. **High Anxiety**.

ANNIE HALL GOES LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR

by Rex Reed

Who is this Chaplinesque creature shlepping down First Avenue in the rain? Baggy pants, well-cut hacking jacket, and cowboy hat. Coming through the door. It's Keaton! No, not Buster, dummy. Diane! A movie star. See, she looks just as she does in Woody Allen's colossal blockbuster, **Annie Hall.** She's wearing the same sunglasses even though it's pouring rain. If the street-smart waitress in Diane's neighborhood greasy-spoon coffee shop thought I was meeting a movie star, she never blinked. Glazed, she plunked down the ubiquitous plastic glass of New York ice water and stared at Keaton as though she were a teenage runaway.

In days before movies, the warmly shy and gently reticent actress might've been a beloved, reclusive poetess like Emily Dickinson, or a repressed but daring novelist like Katherine Mansfield, whose artistic talent might have led more to the shallows of obscure eccentricity than the peaks of fame and fortune. Today, however, there's no doubt that Miss Keaton is standing in the shadow of stardom as surely as **Annie Hall** is cleaning up at the box-office. Word is already out that she is merely magnificent in Richard Brooks' screen version of the best-selling shocker, **Looking For Mr. Goodbar.**

Safely tucked on the edge of a leather booth, Diane observes the world through her rose-colored glasses and removes her cowboy hat, releasing a fall of fine, shiny ginger-colored hair instantly tamed by being tucked into her jacket collar. Black coffee is all she wants. Amid the clatter of chipped cups and saucers, her laughter is quiet but infectious. "I don't understand stardom very much, you know. One should have the responsibility to do worthwhile projects and not be forced to make decisions about money."

Understand? It's important to her, and she tries to get it out before the sun goes down. "If you have the opportunity . . . you know? I mean, to do meaningful work . . . well, that's the thing to do. And that's the thing that scares me . . . if I have to stand up . . . make decisions about the right thing to do at the right moment . . . to maintain stardom . . . or what's good for me . . . wow! When you get successful you have to pay so much more attention, and think things out a lot more clearly . . . just because you want to work. I'm just a bit frightened by all that's happened to me since **Annie Hall** opened . . . "

By now, you understand that darling Diane clutters her conversation in a confusion of interrupted thoughts that make perfect sense when you're looking into her downy soft eyes, but leave me puzzled when trying to punctuate her babble. Beneath the wafting tones of disorganized speech, I sense a genuine fear of the naked exposure that accompanies stardom. "I've never been hampered by a high public profile," she continues. "I could walk down any street and do anything and maybe somebody would say 'Hey, you were O.K. in **The Godfather**, and that was fine. But to be roughed up and pushed around by fans would be a nightmare. What has that got to do with real life? It's crazy. I don't think that will ever happen to me, because I'm not, after all – (sneaking a giggle) – . "Farrah Fawcett-Majors. I don't think I'll ever have her public image.

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I'm an actress, not a fad. I don't think I stand out in a crowd. I don't have a prominent face, or all that hair or all those teeth. I mean, I've got hair and teeth, but –" Keaton's giggle has turned into a full-bodied, vitamin-soaked laugh and at that minute, I'm thinking I could zanily spend the rest of my life with her never finishing a sentence.

She used to have to audition for roles. Then she met Woody Allen and things got easier. Every actress in Hollywood read for **Looking For Mr. Goodbar**, but Richard Brooks saw something vulnerable in her comedy films and grabbed her, to everyone's amazement, without an audition. "The script is wonderful, but tough. It's a very masochistic part. I had a hard time doing it because I kept wanting the character to change and not go back into another singles bar to pick up another man. This woman is an emotional cripple, incapable of having a relationship with anyone. I think it's going to be a strong, powerful film, and I learned so much from Richard Brooks. He's crazy as a loon – but very affectionate, hilarious, dear, and wonderful. No, Woody never came near the set. Richard Brooks closes his sets and he means everybody keep out, including Woody."

She says after the emotionally draining experience of **Looking For Mr. Goodbar** she was "glad to get home to my own dishes again. Boy, I hope life never gets so complicated that I don't do my own dishes. Having maids and help around makes me very uncomfortable. I always have to get up early when the maid comes. So I'd rather be alone, and get up early, do everything fast, then get back into bed for the day, guiltless. Isn't that silly? I live with two cats, lots of plants and my darkroom. I love photography and working with my hands. Photography is better than acting because I can do it alone. I have a great feeling for the visual arts. I don't have the talent to be a painter, but I make great collages. All I need is a glue pot."

She has a neurotic love-hate relationship with acting, but says forlornly, "I don't know what I'd do without it. I'd be in a pickle." She's kinky but proper, a well-bred all-American girl hiding behind funky shades, just like Annie Hall. "My real name is Hall, but when I registered with Actors Equity they made me change it because there already was a Diane Hall. I took my mother's maiden name, Keaton. In the beginning – and this is interesting, psychologically – I took my sister's name, Dorrie. After six months it dawned on me how terrible I was . . . after all, Dorrie was HER name . . . she IS Dorrie Hall . . . I think I did it because I like her and thought her good qualities would rub off on me, but if I was a flop as an actress, all the bad reviews would be going to HER . . . "

Keaton was raised in Santa Ana: "John Birch country . . . California . . . I'm still smitten with the horizontal view . . . I have such wonderful memories of my childhood in the desert . . . Woody hates California and is unrelenting about how much he despises it, but to me Hollywood is not California. I couldn't take Hollywood any more than Woody could . . . Joan Didion also hates California . . . God, how I wish I could work with her some day . . . remember **Play It As It Lays** with Tuesday Weld? Isn't Tuesday great? She plays my sister in **Looking For Mr. Goodbar** and she's great . . . I love Tuesday . . . "

When the defenses are down and the chasm widens, she talks a blue streak. "Do you think I look like Loretta Young? She was so beautiful . . . oh I wish I could see all of her movies, not just the ones on TV . . . hey, listen, maybe you can tell me why . . . Irene Dunne . . . oh, wow! . . . she's someone I love . . . what a wonderful comedienne . . . such style, wit and bite. Funny isn't it, those who remain stars always, and those who fade into memory . . . well, I gotta go now."

The cowboy hat is once more produced and she slowly tucks the straggling hair under its crown. "Nothing is happening next . . . I have no films lined up . . . Maybe I'll get to take that visual arts class . . . that would be nice . . . " A tiny wave of the hand sends Keaton off into the rain. Nobody notices as she passes through the crowded luncheonette. Only the waitress comments: "That crazy kid gonna get drenched without an umbrella."

***Rex Reed** is the film critic for the New York Daily News.*

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JULIA
A friendship for all seasons

by John Hofsess

One night in the early 1930s, in a bar in New York's Harlem, Lillian Hellman (aspiring but unknown playwright at the time) got drunk with an obnoxious young rake-on-the-make who kept asking her personal and lurid questions. Was she a virgin, he wanted to know. She kept on ordering whiskies with beer chasers to make the evening tolerable. Then he began telling her about how, when he was eighteen he made love to his younger sister. At that bit of news, Hellman flinched slightly, a gesture which the man regarded as provocative. "Who the hell are you to sit in judgment of me? " he demanded. "Everybody knows about you and Julia! "

Hellman leaned across the table and slapped him hard across the face. Then got up and went home. And cried.

In her first play, *The Children's Hour,* a smash success when first produced in 1934, Hellman drew upon this incident, among others, to create a

story about two women who are close friends and whose lives are ruined by rumors of lesbianism. When a 12-year-old falsely reports on a conversation between the two schoolteachers, she claims to have overheard, it causes an uproar in the small-minded community in which they live. Overnight the school is emptied by horrified parents. The younger woman breaks off her engagement when she sees that her fiancé will never be sure but that a grain of truth underlay the slander. The older woman is tortured into realizing for the first time that an unadmitted passion has in fact motivated her love for her friend. Feeling socially defeated, and personally depressed, she shoots herself.

The play was twice filmed, as **These Three**, in 1936, with Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins, and in 1962, with Audrey Hepburn and Shirley MacLaine. The first film-version reveals a lot about the mores of an earlier age; the plot was altered to having the younger woman accused of intimacy with her fiancé, the school physician. The crux of Hellman's drama – the relationship of the two women, and the suspicious and destructive attitudes of society around them – wasn't even mentioned.

Now, in 1977, in **Julia**, a new film by Fred Zinnemann (the distinguished director of such hits as **High Noon, From Here to Eternity, A Man for All Seasons, Day of the Jackal**, among others), starring Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, and Vanessa Redgrave in the title role, the true story of this rare

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and special friendship (erotic but not sexual; a complex form of love that movies have rarely bothered to understand) has been given lasting dramatic expression.

There was a time in Hollywood history when marriage was the central relationship of practically every film. Even Frankenstein needed a bride. The basic difference between a "good" girl (played by Irene Dunne, June Allyson, Loretta Young, Dorothy McGuire, among many others) and a "bad" one (usually played by far more interesting actresses – Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, and others) was that the latter had an irreverent attitude to lifelong monogamy. They were not *Good Housekeeping* women. Outside of these starkly oversimplified stereotypes (the "bad" women, needless to say, usually came to a bad end) there were, seemingly, few other roles for women to play. Stories such as Julia's were being lived then, and always have been; but nobody was making films about them.

"I have had plenty of time to think about the love I had for her," Hellman wrote in her best selling collection of profiles, *Pentimento* (1973), in the story, Julia, which the film is based upon, "too strong and too complicated to be described as only the sexual yearnings of one girl for another. And yet certainly that was there. I don't know, I never cared, and it is now an aimless guessing game. It doesn't prove much that we never kissed each other; even when I leaned down in a London funeral parlor to kiss the battered face that had been so hideously put back together, it was not the awful scars that worried me; because I had never kissed her I thought perhaps she would not want it, and so I touched the face instead."

Julia (her true name, or full name, is never given, because she belonged to one of the richest of established families in the U.S., and political retaliation against living relatives would still be possible, if her identity were known) was a beautiful and brilliant young woman, who became increasingly restless with the limitations of life within her family and class. She left America, ostensibly to pursue an education at Oxford, and then moved on to Vienna to study with Sigmund Freud, and there became involved in the underground anti-Nazi movement. During the war she was a tireless and resourceful agent doing whatever she could, doing whatever had to be done, to sabotage Hitler's war machine. It cost her her life (when finally captured, the Nazis mutilated her body horribly), but what a life! Her death may seem tragic, but surviving through cowardice, as many of her relatives did, would have been pitiful.

When Jane Fonda heard that producer Richard Roth had acquired the film rights to the story, she made it known that she would like to play the Hellman role.

"Julia was one of those rare human beings able to transcend her class," Fonda says. "She was born into a family that did not care about the plight of most people. They were essentially selfish and little people – powerful and rich as they might be. And Julia was able to rise above all that, was able to perceive reality, and feel true suffering, and decided she cared about that more than she did the fortunes of her family.

"She gave up her life in an attempt to fight against fascism in Germany. She was killed trying to help religious and political refugees in their fight against Hitler – and that is the core of the story.

"But what I find particularly

moving is the friendship of these two women. Julia reaching back to her friend, Lillian, whom she hadn't seen for perhaps ten years, but saying, 'Help me, please. You don't know what I have become, but help me. It's not easy. I am asking you to come into Nazi Germany, to smuggle in $50,000, and you are a Jew. But you're the only one I can turn to.' And Lillian did. And it is to her everlasting credit that she did."

Both Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave have been ridiculed in recent years, for their political activities – Fonda in speaking out against the war in Vietnam, Redgrave in her concern over the proliferation of nuclear weapons. In some quarters, apparently, art is one thing, and life is another, and the two are only expected to have the remotest connection. It is clear to both of these immensely gifted actresses, however, that Julia's story is an eloquent and moving demonstration of the necessity of all people to have moral courage, when the times require it.

"I've never had the opportunity in a film to express very deep caring for another woman," Jane Fonda comments. "I've made a lot of films and in almost all of them, if there was another woman, it was just that – 'the other woman,' competing for the affections of some man. Or just competing. That is usually the relationship that is brought to the screen between two women.

"But here was an opportunity to have a friendship with a woman, not just as a side line, but as the principal dramatic thrust of the film. These two women who were childhood friends have probably as deep a caring for each other as they have for any other human being in their lives.

"Lillian lived with American writer Dashiell Hammett (portrayed by Jason Robards in the film) for many years, and had a very important relationship with him, but I don't know if the relationship was as supportive in many ways as the one she had with Julia.

"It's been very moving and enjoyable for me to be in a film where women can say to each other: 'I care about you and I want you to be brave and I want you to extend yourself as far as you can, and be bold.' It has been a great experience to play scenes with someone like Vanessa Redgrave and to see her face radiant because of ideas, because of awakening consciousness about the movement of people who have been disenfranchised and who are taking power.

"It's nice to see a woman moved by that and be able to remind the audience that we are transported by social processes and not just by a romance – although that is there as well."

Certain films are landmarks that change the way many people see an issue, or a problem. **Julia** – in addition to being an involving, dramatic story of the kind that director Fred Zinnemann is renowned for creating – is such a film. We are all growing up, and more and more, people are realizing the need for diversified relationships, as they try to navigate a path through complex and unstable times. Some people may never get beyond *The Children's Hour* and view all close relationships with members of the same sex with fear and suspicion. But many more people nowadays are being psychologically honest with themselves, and they will recognize in **Julia** a rare and beautiful relationship, as deeply moving as any they have seen before on the screen.

***John Hofsess** is a film critic, often appearing in The Canadian Magazine.*

NOW PLAYING

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME

Starring: Roger Moore, Barbara Bach, Curt Jurgens, Richard Kiel and Bernard Lee.

The situation is explosive. Somebody is kidnapping nuclear submarines. The British think it's the Russians. The Russians think it's the Americans. From opposite sides of the globe, top secret service operatives are called into play. For the Russians, it is Major Amasova (Barbara Bach), and for our side – Commander James Bond, Special Agent, 007, 'licensed to kill'.

SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT

Starring: Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, Mike Henry, Paul Williams and Jackie Gleason.

Trucker folk-heroes are made, not born, and the Bandit does it the hard way – by roaring all the way from Atlanta, Georgia to Texarkana, Texas and back just to deliver a few cases of Coors beer. Along the way he picks up a hitchhiker in a wedding dress, and half the constabulary of the South, led by Sheriff Buford T. Justice (Jackie Gleason), for the most hilarious 18 wheeled pursuit.

A BRIDGE TOO FAR

Starring: An All Star Cast.

'Operation Market Garden', masterminded by Montgomery and sanctioned by Eisenhower, was a bold plan calling for 35,000 British and U.S. paratroops to drop into Eastern Holland and to secure the 'six major bridges leading to the industrial heart of Germany. What actually happened was a bewildering mixture of battlefield politics, faulty intelligence, bad luck, worse weather and raw courage.

THE LAST REMAKE OF BEAU GESTE

Starring: Marty Feldman, Ann-Margret Michael York, Peter Ustinov and James Earl Jones.

This wild, but affectionate, spoof of French Foreign Legion movies opens with a credit sequence worthy of a marriage of Salvator Dali and the Fifty-Foot Woman and then rushes from dune to tent to desert fortress in a non-stop comedy filled with adventure, romance, intrigue – and, yes, greed! Feldman's Foreign Legion turns out to be one of filmdom's crazier collections of military miscreants, who would have reduced any real Beduin to tears.

MacARTHUR

Starring: Gregory Peck, Ed Flanders and Dan O'Herlihy.

Most of us know what MacArthur did – fought the Japanese, the North Koreans and Harry Truman in that order, and never returned from his last battle. But in his biography of an undeniably great man, Gregory Peck gives a stunning performance – already touted for an Academy Award – by showing the man behind the legend, the whole story set against a soldier's background of war.

STAR WARS

Starring: Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing and Alex Guinness.

Star Wars is a tale of heroes and villains and a romance between a young naive boy and a beautiful spirited princess. It is an odyssey from innocence to knowledge, the ages old tale of the passage of the sword from one generation to the next. It is an unknown galaxy thousands of light years from earth where magic is possible, and love and goodness triumph over evil. It is a boyhood fantasy come true.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Starring: Liza Minnelli and Robert De Nero.

Take a couple of struggling musicians, have them meet in exciting New York on V-J Day, add an unforgettable musical score from the Big Band era and you have a musical that re-lives past glories. Escapism with a song!

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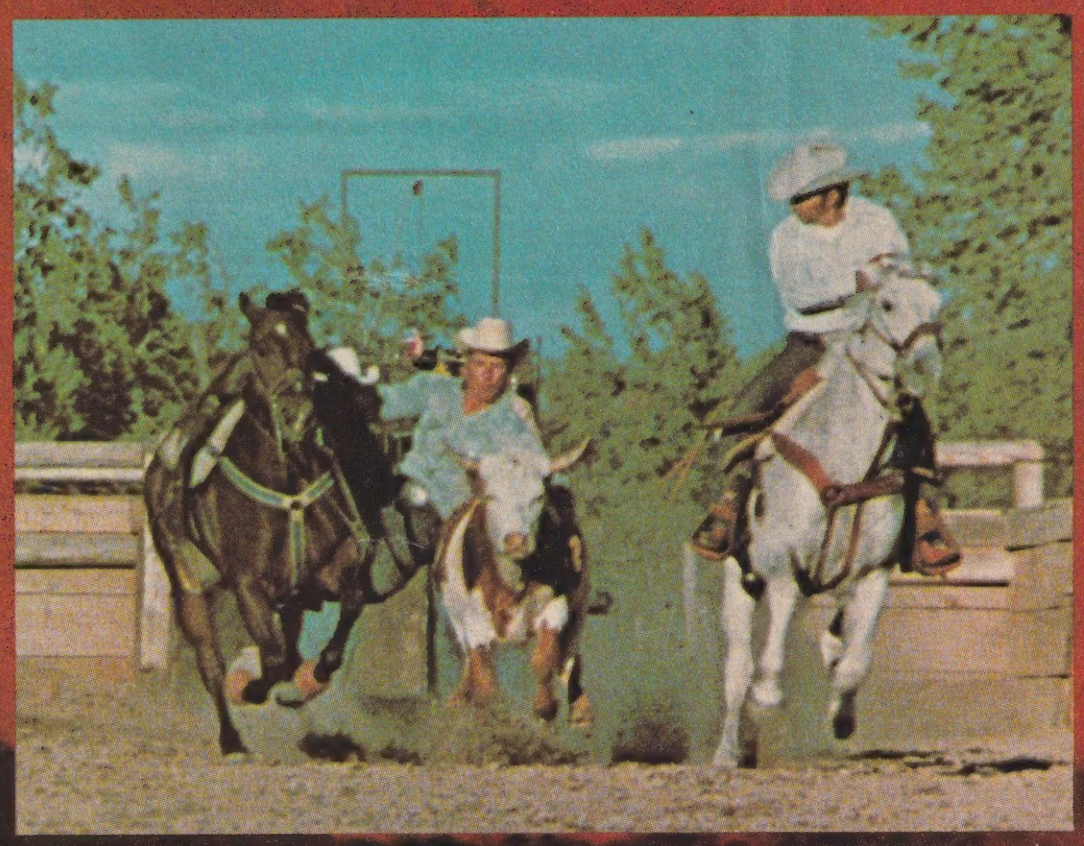

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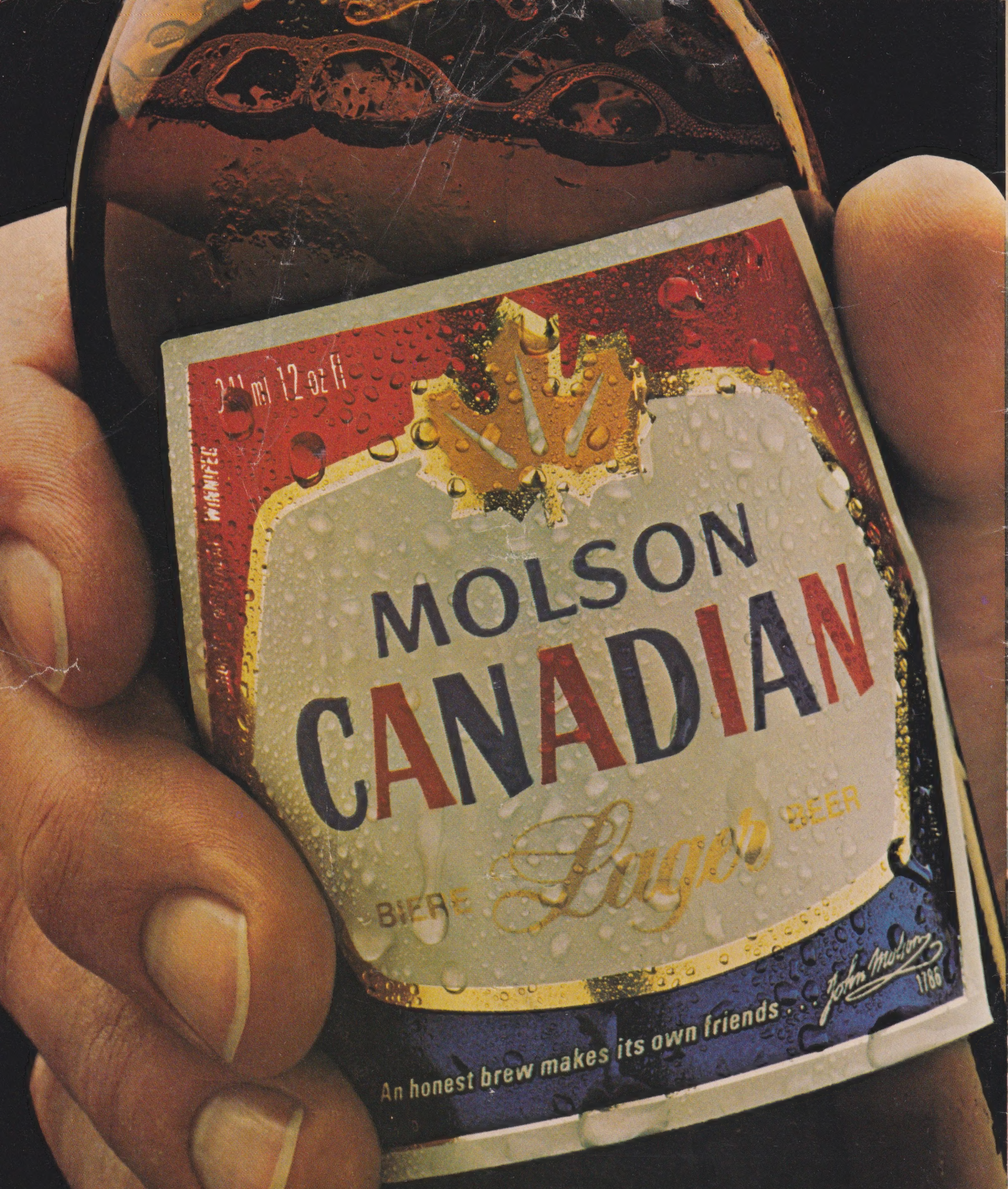
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